Photo: By PLAUTO

The night asks who am I?
I am its secret--anxious, black, profound
I am its rebellious silence
I have veiled my nature, with silence
Wrapped my heart in doubt
and, solemn, remained here
gazing, while the ages ask me,
who am I?

NAZIK AL-MALA'IKAH
a poet from Iraq

Unveiling *by* Shirin Neshat

Photo By PLAUTO

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FRANKLIN FURNACE

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Photo: By PLAUTO

From the prison confines of darkness
From the turbid cesspool of the world
Hear my needful clamor,
O able, unique God.

Rend this veil of blackness, and
Perhaps you'll see within my breast
The source and substance
Of sin and corruption.

The heart you gave me, it isn't a heart
Beating in blood; free it, or
Keep it empty of carnal desires,
Or encumber it with affection and fidelity.

FUROUGH FARRUKHZAD

A poet from Iran

from Face to Face with God